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TILL WE MEET AGAIN

With today's installment I complete my ninth year of writing columns in your college newspaper for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes. In view of the occasion, I hope I may be forgiven if I get a *little misty.*

These nine years have passed like nine minutes. In fact, I would not believe that so much time has gone by except that I have my wife nearby as a handy reference. When I started columning for Marlboros, she was a slip of a girl—supple as a reed and fair as the sunrise. Today she is gnarled, lumpy, and given to biting the postman. Still, I count myself lucky. Most of my friends who were married at the same time have wives who chase cars all day. I myself have never had this trouble and I attribute my good fortune to the fact that I have never struck my wife with my hand. I have always used a folded newspaper—even throughout the prolonged newspaper strike in New York. During this period I had the airmail edition of the Manchester Guardian flown in daily from England. I must confess, however, that it was not entirely satisfactory. The airmail edition of the Guardian is printed on paper so light and flimsy that it makes little or no impression when one slaps one's wife. Mine, in fact, thought it was some kind of game, and tore several pairs of my trousers.

But I digress. I was saying what a pleasure it has been to write this column for the last nine years for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes—a fine group of men, as anyone who has sampled their wares would suspect. They are as mellow as the aged tobaccos they blend. They are as pure as the white cellulose filter they have devised. They are loyal, true, companionable, and constant, and I have never for an instant wavered in my belief that some day they will pay me for these last nine years. But working for the makers of Marlboro has not been the greatest of my pleasures over the last nine years. The chief satisfaction has been writing for *you*—the college population *of America. It is a rare and lucky columnist* who can find an audience so full of intelligence and verve.

I would like very much to show my appreciation by asking you all over to *my house for tea and oatmeal cookies,* but there is no telling how many of you my wife would bite.

For many of you this is the last year of college. This is especially true for seniors. To those I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will find the world outside a happy valley. To juniors I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will become seniors. To sophomores I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will become juniors. To freshmen I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will become sophomores. To *those of you going on into graduate school* I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will marry money.

To all of you let me say one thing: during the year I have been frivolous and *funny during the past year—possibly less* often than I have imagined—but the time has now come for some serious talk. Whatever your status, whatever your plans, I hope that success will attend your ventures.

Stay happy. Stay loose. © 1963 Max Shulman

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We, the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, confess to more than a few nervous moments during the nine years we have sponsored this uninhibited and uncensored column. But in the main, we have had fun and so, we hope, have you. Let us add our good wishes to Old Max's: stay happy; stay loose.

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